

La Resurrezione, HWV 47
 George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra

Stephen Stubbs, *Conductor*

Stephen Stubbs & Paul O'Dette, *Musical Directors*

Robert Mealy, *Concertmaster*

Karina Gauvin, *Angelo*

Teresa Wakim, *Maddalena*

Aaron Sheehan, *San Giovanni*

Christian Immler, *Lucifero*

Kelsey Lauritano, *Cleofe*

Philippe Pierlot, *bass viol*

Parte Prima

Overture

Aria. Disserratevi, oh porte d'Averno – Angelo

Recitativo. Qual' insolita luce – Lucifero

Aria. Caddi è ver, ma nel cadere – Lucifero

Recitativo. Ma, che veggio? – Lucifero, Angelo

Aria. D'amor fu consiglio – Angelo

Recitativo. E ben, questo tuo Nume – Lucifero, Angelo

Aria. O voi, dell'Erebo – Lucifero

Recitativo. Notte, notte funesta – Maddalena

Aria. Ferma l'ali – Maddalena

Recitativo. Concedi, o Maddalena – Cleofe, Maddalena

Aria. Piangete, sì, piangete – Cleofe

Recitativo. Ahi, dolce mio Signore – Maddalena, Cleofe

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 Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra & Soloists

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Duetto. Dolci chiodi, amate spine – Cleofe, Maddalena
 Recitativo. O Cleofe, o Maddalena – Giovanni, Maddalena
 Aria. Quando è parto dell'affetto – Giovanni
 Recitativo. Ma dinne, e sarà vero – Cleofe, Giovanni, Maddalena
 Aria. Naufragando va per l'onde – Cleofe
 Recitativo. Itene pure, o fide – Giovanni, Maddalena
 Aria. Così la tortorella – Giovanni
 Recitativo. Se Maria dunque spera – Maddalena
 Aria. Ho un non so che nel cor – Maddalena

Recitativo. Uscite pure, uscite – Angelo
 Coro. Il Nume vincitor – Angelo, Coro

INTERMISSION

Parte Secunda

Introductione



Recitativo. Di quai nuovi portenti – Giovanni
 Aria. Ecco il sol – Giovanni
 Recitativo. Ma ove Maria dimora – Giovanni




Aria. Risorga il mondo – Angelo
 Recitativo. Di rabbia indarno freme – Angelo, Lucifero
 Aria. Per celare il nuovo scorno – Lucifero
 Recitativo. Oh come cieco il tuo furor delira! – Angelo
 Duetto. Impedirlo io saprò – Angelo, Lucifero

Recitativo. Amica, troppo tardo – Maddalena, Cleofe
 Aria. Per me già di morire – Maddalena
 Recitativo. Ahi, abborrito nome! – Lucifero

Aria. Vedo il Ciel – Cleofe
 Recitativo. Cleofe, siam giunte al luogo – Maddalena, Cleofe, Angelo
 Aria. Se per colpa – Angelo
 Recitativo. Mio Gesù, mio Signore – Maddalena
 Aria. Del cielo dolente – Maddalena
 Recitativo. Sì, sì, cerchiamo pure – Cleofe
 Aria. Augellite, ruscelletti – Cleofe

Recitativo. Dove sì frettolosi, Cleofe – Giovanni, Cleofe
 Aria. Caro Figlio! – Giovanni
 Recitativo. Cleofe, Giovanni, udite – Maddalena, Giovanni, Cleofe
 Aria. Se impassibile immortale – Maddalena
 Recitativo. Sì, sì col redentore – Giovanni, Cleofe, Maddalena
 Coro. Diasi lode in Cielo, in terra

 Italian single-manual harpsichord by Zuckermann Harpsichords International, 
 after Sicilian maker Carlo Grimaldi (Messina, 1697, Germanisches Nationalmuseum, Nuremberg),
 courtesy of Zuckermann Harpsichords International, Stonington, Connecticut.

 Continuo organ by Bennett  Giuttari, Rehoboth, Massachusetts, Op. 47, 2015, 
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Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra

Violin I
Robert Mealy, *concertmaster*
Beth Wenstrom
Miloš Valent
Dagmar Valentová
Johanna Novom

Violin II
Sarah Darling, *principal*
Jesse Irons
Julie Andrijeski
Karina Schmitz

Viola
Laura Jeppesen, *principal*
David Douglass
Daniel Elyar

Violoncello
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Beiliang Zhu
David Morris
Michael Unterman

Double Bass
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Flute
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Oboe
Gonzalo X. Ruiz, *principal*
Kathryn Montoya
Debra Nagy
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Recorder
Kathryn Montoya, *principal*
Gonzalo X. Ruiz

Bassoon
Dominic Teresi

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Trombone
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Harpsichord
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Organ
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NOTES ON THE PROGRAM: HANDEL'S *LA RESURREZIONE*

Handel in Rome

In January of 1707, a Roman music-lover wrote down some news in his diary. "There has arrived in this city a Saxon, a most excellent player on the harpsichord and organ, who today gave a flourish of his skill by playing the organ in the church of S. Giovanni to the amazement of everyone present." This is the first recorded appearance in Italy of the young George Frideric Handel—or Giovanni Hendel, as he came to be known, or simply *il caro Sassone*, the beloved German. He was clearly an incomparable keyboard player, and he was soon to be known for his breathtaking compositions as well. He was also not yet 22 years old. Handel's stay in Rome was short—by 1710, he had left Italy altogether—but in those few years Handel had enough musical ideas to last a lifetime. What you will be hearing tonight are some of his freshest inspirations, the result of an extraordinary musical talent coming to terms with the most exciting musical developments of his day.

Handel came to Italy fully prepared to take it by storm. He had already written and produced several operas for the public

opera house in Hamburg, and he could have easily settled into a career like his friend Mattheson, becoming Hamburg's leading musical citizen. Fate intervened in the form of a Medici prince who happened to be passing through town. According to Handel's earliest biographer, this aristocrat assured the young composer that "there was no country [like Italy] in which a young proficient could spend his time to so much advantage," and insisted that Handel visit Italy as soon as possible.

Handel arrived in Rome to find a city that was booming with culture. Shortly after his arrival, the Lenten season began, when as many as ten new oratorios would be presented at various churches around town. A thriving local opera scene had come to an end when the austere Pope Innocent XII closed down the opera houses in 1697, and Carnival celebrations had been considerably muted by the effects of the War of the Spanish Succession. Nonetheless, the city had a number of extremely wealthy cardinals and princes who made their own private musical salons, or *conversazione*, open to the public one day a week. Thanks to the *largesse* of figures like Queen Maria Casimira of Poland and Prince Francesco Maria

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Ruspoli, and cardinals like Benedetto Pamphilij and Pietro Ottoboni, the music-loving Romans could hear some of the best players in Europe at least four times a week.

These *conversazione* were, as the name suggests, a combination of concert, learned society, and cocktail party. One contemporary account of Cardinal Ottoboni's soirées gives a vivid sense of these affairs:

His Eminence keeps in his pay the best musicians and performers in Rome...so that every Wednesday he has an excellent concert in his palace. We were there served with ices and other delicate liquors...but the greatest inconveniency in all these concerts is that one is pestered with swarms of trifling little *Abbés*, who come thither on purpose to fill their bellies with these liquors, and to carry off the crystal bottles with the napkins into the bargain.

In these salons, Handel would have met some of the finest musicians of Europe: the great harpsichordist Bernardo Pasquini, the distinguished opera composer Alessandro Scarlatti, the composer Giovanni Bononcini (later to become Handel's operatic rival in London), and above all the great violinist Arcangelo Corelli, "the Orpheus of the violin." Corelli's fame had spread far and wide by this time, and doubtless he was one of the reasons for Handel to come to Rome. His trio sonatas were some of the best-selling music in Europe, going through more reprints than any music until Haydn.

While Handel would have known Corelli's publications back home in Hamburg, he would have had little sense of his achievements as a performer. Corelli, in fact, was inventing the modern orchestra, insisting upon an unheard-of level of orchestral discipline. Domenico Scarlatti later wrote about the stunning effect created by Corelli's "nice management of his band, the uncommon accuracy of whose performance gave his concertos an amazing effect...Corelli regarded it as essential to the *ensemble* of a band, that their bows should all move exactly together, all up, or all down; so that at his rehearsals...he would immediately stop the band if he discovered one irregular bow."

The stunning effect of the Roman orchestra at the time was matched by the virtuosity of its singers. Many of the soloists Handel met here, like Margherita Durastante, would continue to work with him throughout his career. The sheer sonic brilliance of voices and instruments was something that the Church recognized as a means to overwhelm the soul with beauty; they worked on the ear just as Bernini's sacred sculptures and architecture inspired the eye. In fact, these orchestras and choruses became themselves the focus of attention at Roman concerts, with specially made music stands and dramatically arranged seating for the orchestra. Nowhere was this more evident than in the lavish concert preparations for Handel's greatest Roman work, *La Resurrezione*.

Handel and Ruspoli

Along with the immensely wealthy Cardinals Ottoboni and Pamphilij, Handel also spent much of his time in Rome writing music for one secular aristocrat. This was the Marchese Francesco Maria Ruspoli. He was a wealthy nobleman, who was in the process of buying his way into a principedom: he actually wrote an oratorio on Saint Clement to curry favor with the current pope of the same name. Ruspoli took Handel into his household, as Cardinal Ottoboni had previously. In all of Handel's time in Rome, he never seems to have actually been paid a fee for anything—although the pay records of the Ruspoli household indicate a truly impressive appetite for food and drink. Handel was one of the first Baroque composers—Corelli was another—to present himself in society as a gentleman rather than a tradesman, and was treated accordingly.

During Lent of 1708, Handel seems to have moved into Ruspoli's Roman palazzo in preparation for the new work that the Marquis had commissioned for Easter Sunday that year. This new oratorio was a lavish affair. The hall on the second floor that was used for the Sunday academies had been extensively redone for the occasion, but even this was not large enough to hold the crowds that came to hear the work. so after the first public rehearsal the whole production was moved downstairs to the main hall, where carpenters built a new stage that featured four rows of orchestral seats in a theatrical arrangement, each row above the one before it. Twenty-eight music stands were created with legs in the shape of fluted cornucopias, half of them painted with the Ruspoli arms and half with the arms of the marquis's wife. In front there was a raised podium for the "Concertino de' Violini," Arcangelo Corelli himself, who would be featured prominently in Handel's writing.

Behind the orchestra the artist Angelo Cerruti painted a large backdrop featuring the characters involved in the drama. *La Resurrezione*, as befits its subject, is very much about the intersection of two dimensions, the human and the divine, at the moment when Christ triumphs over death. The human level is represented by Mary Magdalene and Mary Cleophas, along with John the Evangelist, who come to visit Christ's tomb only to find it empty. Instead, they find a divine visitor, an angel who announces the Resurrection to them. In Cerruti's painting, the other half of the story is represented by a series of demons plunging into the abyss; in Handel's drama, the Angel and the Devil have an extended series of encounters about the meaning of the Resurrection.

Above the proscenium arch of this stage the carpenters built a *cartellone*, an elaborate frontispiece with all kinds of decorations on it in red and yellow chiaroscuro. In the middle of this, on a tablet, the title of the oratorio was spelled out in four lines: probably / ORATORIO / PER LA RISURRETTIONE / DI Nostro SIGNOR / GESU CRISTO. Each letter was cut out and backed with transparent paper,

and the entire title was illuminated from behind by 70 lights (a lighting effect carefully supervised by several carpenters' assistants during the dress rehearsal and performances). The hall itself was lavishly decorated in yellow and red taffeta and velvet, and illuminated with sixteen candelabra.

This whole production was to exist only for two performances, with three rehearsals (a very generous number for the time) starting on Palm Sunday. It was standard for rehearsals to be open to guests, and indeed many Roman patrons had managed to get around the Papal ban on comedies and operas by announcing their house productions as being "sotto titolo di prova," or in the guise of rehearsals. For this production, the large number of guests at both rehearsals and performances meant that around 1500 libretti were printed for the occasion.

One would think that nothing could be less objectionable than a sacred oratorio, but nonetheless Ruspoli ran afoul of the church authorities with his production. On Easter Monday a papal admonition was issued, reprimanding Ruspoli for allowing "una Cantarina" to be involved in the production. This was in fact no less a singer than Margherita Durastante, who was later to follow Handel to London and appear in many of his operas there. Here she was the first Maddalena, and Handel had given her the hit tune of the oratorio: "Ho un non so che bel core," a pop song that was itself a tribute to one of Corelli's violin sonatas. Durastante was quickly replaced for the second performance on Easter Monday by a castrato, but Handel made good use of her and of this hit tune by having her sing it in the title role of his Venetian opera *Agrippina* one year later.

For the orchestra, Ruspoli drew upon a huge number of Roman musicians. Between the instrumentalists hired specially for the occasion and Ruspoli's own household musicians, the band featured something like twenty-three violins and violas, six violoncellos, six double basses, four oboes (who doubled on recorder and flute) and—oddly—a bass trombone, which doesn't appear in Handel's score but may have doubled bass-lines in some of the larger pieces. The pay records give no mention of one of the more remarkable instrumental voices in the work, a viola da gamba which is employed in elaborate duets with the principal violin. Scholars have suggested that this was probably the German composer and viol player Ernst Christian Hesse, a friend of Handel's who was traveling

through Italy at exactly this time; apparently he received a gold ring set with rubies and diamonds for his labors.

The sacred drama

Carlo Capece's text is divided, as was customary, into two parts. Traditionally, the two halves of an oratorio would be separated by an extensive sermon. For the Roman aristocrats, instead an intermission was provided where they could enjoy liqueurs, sorbets, pastries, and coffee in the adjoining salon, which was decorated by a waterfall installed especially for the occasion. Part One of the oratorio begins with a tremendous sinfonia that Handel adapted from his oratorio of the previous year, *Il trionfo del Tempo e del Disinganno*, now enriched with trumpet parts. This ushers in the opening aria, where the Angel (a castrato in the original performance) demands that the gates of Hell be cast down, in a tremendous bravura number beginning on a high A. Lucifer, at the opposite end of the vocal spectrum, summons the powers of Hell in response. Meanwhile, on the human level, Mary Cleophas and Mary Magdalene mourn the death of Jesus, while St. John reassures them with Christ's promise to return to life on the third day. The first half ends with the Harrowing of Hell, as the Angel calls on all the blessed souls to be released, and to celebrate Christ's victory over death.

After the obligatory sorbets and liqueurs, the second part begins with another sinfonia borrowed from *Il trionfo*, after which St. John sings a sublime aria on Christ as the new dawn; he goes to find the Virgin Mary in hopes of news. The scene shifts to the argument between the Angel and Lucifer, and then to Mary Cleophas and Mary Magdalene as they make their way to Jesus's tomb, hoping they are not too late. Lucifer, realizing he has been conquered, flees back to the depths of Hell. The angel appears to the two Marys and explains that Christ has risen, and urges them to spread the good news. Mary Cleophas leaves and meets St. John, who tells her that Christ has already appeared to his mother. Mary Magdalene meets them, and announces that Jesus has now appeared to her as well. She then calls on everyone to celebrate the Resurrection, and the work ends in a general chorus of rejoicing. ♦

—Robert Mealy

THURSDAY, JUNE 15

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

PARTE PRIMA

Sonata

SCENE 1

Angelo

(aria)

Disserratevi, o porte d'Averno,
E al bel lume d'un Nume ch'è eterno
Tutto in lampi si sciolga l'orror!
Disserratevi, etc.
Cedete, orride porte,
Cedete al Re di Gloria,
Che della sua vittoria
Voi siete il primo onor!
Cedete, etc.
Disserratevi, etc.

Lucifero

(accompagnato)

Qual' insolita luce
Squarcia le bende alla tartarea notte?
Qual' eco non più udita
Con armonia gradita
Fa intorno risonar le stigie grotte?
Se son del mio valore
Gli applausi, giusti sono!
Oggi, che vincitore,
Cittadini d'Abisso, a voi ritorno;
E già mi vendicai con fiero sdegno
Chi perder già mi fe' de' cieli il Regno!

(aria)

Caddi, è ver, ma nel cadere
Non perdei forza né ardire,
Per scacciarmi dalle sfere
Se più forte allor fu Dio,
Or fatt' uomo al furor mio
Pur ceduto ha con morire.
Caddi, è ver, etc.

(accompagnato)

Ma che veggio? di spirti a me nemici
Come un sì folto stuolo,
Per quest' aure annegriti
Da' miei respiri, osa portare il volo?

Angelo

(accompagnato)

De' tenebroso chiostri
Tacete, orridi mostri!
Dileguatevi, o larve! ombre, sparite!
E dell'eterno Re le leggi udite.

PART ONE

Sonata

SCENE 1

Angel

(aria)

Open yourselves, O gates of Avernus,
And by the beautiful light of the eternal God,
May all your darkness be banished in a flash!
Open yourselves...
Yield, grim gates,
Yield to the King of Glory,
For yours is the honor
To be the first to cede to his victorious arrival!
Yield...
Open yourselves...

Lucifer

(accompagnato)

What unwonted light
Tears the bonds of the Tartarean night?
What unknown sounds
Of pleasing harmonies
Echo and resound through the Stygian caverns?
If they are praises
Of my valor, they are just indeed!
Citizens of the Abyss,
Today I return to you victorious;
With proud disdain I have avenged myself
Upon he who banished me from the heavens!

(aria)

I fell, it's true, but in falling
I lost neither strength nor daring,
Then, when he cast me from the spheres
God was the stronger of us,
But now, made man, he has fallen
Victim to my hatred, and died.
I fell, it's true...

(accompagnato)

But what do I see? A hostile swarm
Of enemy spirits dares to wing its way
Through these mists made black
By my breath?

Angel

(accompagnato)

Silence, you horrid monsters
Of the dark caves!
You specters, dissolve! You shades, begone!
And hear the laws of the eternal King.

Lucifero

*Che sei? Chi è questo re,
Che dove io regno a penetrar s'avvanza?*

Angelo

*È Re di Gloria, è Re possente e forte,
Cui resister non può la tua possanza.*

Lucifero

*Se parli di chi penso,
Pur oggi a morte spinto,
Negar non può ch'il mio poter l'ha vinto.*

Angelo

*Come cieco t'inganni, e non t'avvedi
Che se morì chi è della vita autore,
Non fu per opra tua, ma sol d'amore.*

(aria)

*D'Amor fu consiglio
Che al Padre nel Figlio
L'offesa pagò,
Per render' all'uomo
La vita ch'un pomo
Gustato involò.*

Lucifero

*E ben, questo tuo Nume
Dell'uomo innamorato
E che per lui svenato
Oggi volle morir, che più presume?
L'omaggio a me dovuto,
Se a rendermi qua giù muove le piante,
Venga. Ma se pretende ...*

Angelo

*Taci, che or lo vedrai, mostro arrogante!
Vedrai come delusa
Da lui fugge la Morte;
Vedrai come confusa
Lo rimira la Colpa;
Vedrai come atterrita
Si nasconde la Pena;
Vedrai come tu stesso
Tremarai genuflesso al suo gran Nome.*

Lucifero

*Io tremante! Io sì vile! E quando? e come?
Sconvolgerò gl'abissi,
Dal suo centro commossa
Dissiperò la terra,
All'aria coi respiri,
Al fuoco coi sospiri,
Con gli aneliti al Ciel muoverò guerra!*

(aria)

*O voi, dell'Erebo
Potenze orribili,*

Lucifer

Who are you? And who is this king
Who advances to invade the realm where I reign?

Angel

He is the King of Glory, a King both powerful and mighty,
Whom your power cannot withstand.

Lucifer

If you are speaking of the one I think you are,
Just today he has been put to death,
And cannot deny that it is my power that has conquered him.

Angel

How blindly you deceive yourself, and do not see
That if he has died, who is the author of life,
It was not by any act of yours, but only for love.

(aria)

Love alone was counsel
To the Father, allowing the Son
To pay the wages of sin,
To restore life to man
Who had lost it
By tasting an apple.

Lucifer

So then, this God of yours,
Who so loves man
That he bleeds for him
And today dies for him, what else does he want?
If it is to pay me homage and devotion
That he arrives down here,
Let him come. But if he presumes...

Angel

Silence! For soon you will see him, arrogant monster!
You will see how Death itself
Flies from him, deluded;
You will see how Guilt
Gapes at him in confusion;
You will see how Pain
Hides from him in terror;
You will see how you yourself
Tremble on your knees at his great Name.

Lucifer

I shall tremble? I shall abase myself? When? And how?
I'll turn Hell upside down,
From the depths I will shake,
And dissipate the Earth,
Into the air with my breath,
Into the fire with my sighs,
And with my ardent panting, bring war even to the Heavens!

(aria)

O you dread powers
Of Erebus,

*Su, meco armatevi
D'ira e valor!
O voi, dell'Erebo, etc.
E dell' Eumenidi
Gli angui terribili,
Con fieri sibili
Ai cieli mostrino
Ch'hanno i suoi fulmini
Gli Abissi ancor!
Ovoi, dell'Erebo, etc.*

SCENE 2

Maddalena
(accompagnato)
*Notte, notte funesta,
Che del divino Sole
Con tenebre di duol piangi l'ocaso,
Lascia, lascia che pianga anch'io
E con sopor tiranno
Al giusto dolor mio,
Deh, non turbar l'affanno!*

(aria)
*Ferma l'ali, e su miei lumi
Non volar, o sonno ingrato!
Se presumi, se presumi
Asciugarne il mesto pianto,
Lascia pria che piangan tanto
Quanto sangue ha sparso in fiumi
Il mio Dio per me svenato.
Ferma l'ali, etc.*

Cleofe
*Concedi, o Maddalena,
Qualche tregua al martire,
Che un continuo languire
Può con la vita anche scemar la pena;
E per un Dio ch'è morto
Così giusto è 'l dolore
Che non convien di renderlo più corto.*

Maddalena
*Cleofe, invano al riposo
Tu mi consigli, ed al mio core amante
Sarebbe più penoso ogni momento
Che potesse restar senza tormento.*

Cleofe
*Se il tuo giusto cordoglio
Sol di pene ha desio,
Trattenerlo non voglio
Ma solo unire al tuo l'affanno mio.*

(aria)
*Piangete, sì, piangete,
Dolenti mie pupille,
E con amare stille*

*Rise up, and arm yourselves like me
With fury and valor!
O you dread powers...
And let the hideous serpents
Of the Eumenides,
With their wild hissing
Show the heavens
That Hell still has
Its own thunderbolts!
O you dread powers...*

SCENE 2

Mary Magdalene
(accompagnato)
*O night, fatal night,
Which, with shadows of grief,
Mourns the setting of the divine Sun,
Let me also be allowed to weep
And do not disturb the suffering of
My just sorrow
With tyrannous sleep!*

(aria)
*Fold your wings, unwelcome sleep,
And do not fly into my eyes,
If you would presume
To dry my sorrowful tears.
Let me first cry so much,
As much as the river of blood
Shed by my God when he died for me.
Fold your wings...*

Mary Cleophas
*O Magdalene, allow
Yourself some rest from your torments,
For continual languishing
Can shorten life as well as pain;
And for a God who has died,
So just is the grief
That it is not right that it should be cut short.*

Mary Magdalene
*Cleophas, in vain
You counsel me to rest; for my loving heart
Would be pained even more by each moment
In which it was free of torment.*

Mary Cleophas
*If your just heartache
Desires only suffering,
I do not wish to restrain you,
But only to unite my suffering with yours.*

(aria)
*Weep, yes, weep
My sorrowful eyes.
And with bitter teardrops*

*Al morto mio Signor
Tributo di dolor
Meste rendete!
Piangete, sì, piangete,
Che mentr'egli spargea
Tutt' il suo sangue in croce,
Morendo sol dicea
Di pianto: Ho sete.
Piangete, sì, piangete.*

Maddalena
*Ahi, dolce mio Signore,
Le tue vene già vuote
Chiedan di poco umore
Momentaneo ristoro,
E il barbaro Israele
Bevanda sol di fiele
Ti porse: io lo rammento, e pur non moro?*

Cleofe
*Ahi, popolo crudele, popolo ingrato!
Chi per te già disciolse
Duri macigni in liquidi torrenti
Di purissimi argenti
Poche stille ti chiede;
Tu gli dai mercede
Un sì amaro liquore;
E in rammentarlo non si spezza il core?*

Maddalena
O crude rimembranze!

Cleofe
O funeste memorie! ...

Maddalena
... Tormentatemi pur! ...

Cleofe
*... Sì, sì, seguite
Ad accrescermi il duol, ...*

Maddalena
... Che nel tormento, ...

Cleofe
... Che nell'angoscia ria, ...

Maddalena
... Io godo ancor, ...

Cleofe
... Solievo ancora io sento.

Maddalena
*Se col pensiero afflitto
Vò lusingando almeno*

At the death of my Lord,
Render your tribute of
Grief in lamentation!
Weep, yes, weep,
For while he was shedding
All his blood on the cross,
As he died, weeping,
He said only: I have thirst.
Weep, yes, weep.

Mary Magdalene
Alas, my sweet Lord,
With your veins emptied
You called out for a bit of water
To give you momentary relief,
And the barbarous Israelites
Gave you only bitter gall
To drink: I recall this and yet do not die?

Mary Cleophas
Alas, cruel and ungrateful people!
He who for you once dissolved
Hard rocks into liquid torrents of
Purest silver
Asked you only for a few drops;
You gave him a reward
Of such a bitter liquid;
And remembering this, does it not break your heart?

Mary Magdalene
O cruel memory!

Mary Cleophas
O fatal recollection!

Mary Magdalene
...Come and torment me! ...

Mary Cleophas
...Yes, yes, continue
To amplify my grief...

Mary Magdalene
...For in torment...

Mary Cleophas
...For in bitter anguish...

Mary Magdalene
...I'll still find joy...

Mary Cleophas
...I shall still feel solace...

Mary Magdalene
That in my afflicted thoughts
I may at least fulfill

FESTIVAL CONCERT

*Il mio desire, e parmi aver nel seno
Qualche martir del mio Gesù trafitto.*

Cleofe

*Se nell'afflitta mente
Ho il mio Gesù presente,
E benché esangue ed impiagato, parmi
Che basti il volto suo per consolarmi.*

(aria - duetto)

Maddalena

*Dolci chiodi, amate spine,
Da quei piedi e da quel crine
Deh, passate nel mio sen,
Dolci chiodi, etc.*

Cleofe

*Cara effigie addolorata,
Benché pallida e piagata,
Sei mia vita, sei mio ben.*

Maddalena

Dolci chiodi, amate spine!

Cleofe

Cara effigie addolorata, ...

Maddalena

Cara effigie, etc.

Cleofe

... Benché pallida, etc.

Giovanni

*O Cleofe, o Maddalena,
Dei mio Divin Maestro amanti amate,
O quant' invidia, quanto,
Quelle che ora versate
Stille di puro amor più che di pianto;
Spero presto vederle
Per coronare il mio Signor risorto,
Da rugiade di duol cangiarsi in perle.*

Maddalena

*Giovanni, tu che fosti
Del mio Gesù, discepolo diletto,
E degl'arcani suoi
Segretario fedel, solo tu puoi
Di speme più tranquilla
Ravvivar nel mio sen qualche scintilla.*

Giovanni

*Già la seconda notte
Da ch'egli estinto giacque,
Col carro suo di tenebroso gelo
Tutta varcò la sommità del cielo
E del Gange su l'acque*

*My desire, and feel in my own breast
Some of the agony of my crucified Jesus.*

Mary Cleophas

*If in my afflicted spirit
Jesus is ever present,
His face, though bloody and wounded,
Is enough to console me.*

(aria - duetto)

Mary Magdalene

*Sweet nails, beloved thorns,
From those feet and from that brow
Come now, and pierce me to the heart,
Sweet nails...*

Mary Cleophas

*Dear and sorrowful face,
Though you are pale and wounded,
You are my life, my beloved.*

Mary Magdalene

Sweet nails, beloved thorns!

Mary Cleophas

Dear and sorrowful face,

Mary Magdalene

Dear and sorrowful face,

Mary Cleophas

... Though you are pale...

St. John

*O Cleophas, O Magdalene,
Beloved worshipers of my Divine Master,
O how much I envy you
Those drops which you now shed,
Distilled from pure love, not mere tears;
I hope to see them soon
To crown the risen Lord,
The dewdrops of grief transformed into pearls.*

Mary Magdalene

*John, you who were
The beloved disciple of my Jesus,
And faithful scribe
Of his mysteries, only you can
Revive in my heart
A whisper of tranquil hope.*

St. John

*Already the second night
After he left this life,
In its chariot of shadowy ice,
Has traversed the arc of heaven,
And now above the waters of the Ganges*

*Attende già la risvegliata aurora
Del nuovo sole il lucido ritorno;
Ma il nostro Sole ancora
A noi tornar promise il terzo giorno.
Consoli dunque il vostro cor che geme
Una sì bella e sì vicina speme.*

(aria)
*Quando è parto dell'affetto,
Il dolore in nobil petto
Non estingue la costanza.
Quando è figlia della fede
Mai non cede
Al timore la speranza, etc.
Quando è parto, etc.*

Cleofe
*Ma dinne, e sarà vero
Che risorga Gesù?*

Giovanni
*S'egli l'ha detto,
Chi mai di menzognero
Oserà d'arguir labbro divino?*

Maddalena
*Su, dunque andiamo, e pria ch'il mattutino
Raggio dell'orizzonte il lembo indori,
Andiam non osservate al sacro avello,
Che almen potremmo in quello
Con balsami ed odori
Unger la fredda esanimata salma
Di chi fu già di noi la Vita e l'Alma.*

Cleofe
*Pronta a seguirti io sono;
Ma speranza miglior mi rende ardita,
E di Giovanni ai detti
Spero viva trovar la nostra Vita.*

(aria)
*Naufragando va per l'onde,
Debol legno, e si confonde
Nel periglio anche il nocchier.
Ma se vede poi le sponde
Lo conforta nuova speme,
E del vento più non teme
Né del mar l'impeto fier.
Naufragando va, etc.*

Giovanni
*Itene pure, o fide
Amiche donne, al destinato loco,
Ch'ivi forse potrete
Del vostro bel desio trovar le mete,
Mentr'io torno a colei che già per Madre*

Awaits the reawakened dawn
And the luminous return of the rising sun;
But our Sun has also promised
To return to us on the third day.
Therefore, let your grieving hearts be consoled
By such a beautiful and imminent hope.

(aria)
Grief in a noble heart,
When it is born of love,
Does not extinguish constancy,
When it is the child of faith
Hope will never yield
To fear.
Grief in a noble heart...

Mary Cleophas
But tell me, is it true
That Jesus will rise again?

St. John
If he has said it,
Who would ever dare
To accuse the divine lips of lying?

Mary Magdalene
Up then, let us go, and before the morning
Rays gild the horizon,
Let us go unseen to the sacred tomb;
For the least we can do
Is to anoint the cold and lifeless body
With balms and perfumes
Of the one who was our Life and Soul.

Mary Cleophas
I am ready to follow you;
But a greater hope now buoys me,
Following John's words:
I hope to find our Lord, our Life, alive.

(aria)
Our fragile boat sails out,
Buffeted by the waves, and in this danger
Even the steersman may despair,
But then, if he sees land,
He is comforted by a new hope,
And no longer fears the fierce winds
Nor the raging waves.
Our fragile boat sails out...

St. John
Go then, faithful
And loving woman, to the appointed place,
For there you may find
The beautiful object of your heart's desire;
Meanwhile I return to her, the Mother,

THURSDAY, JUNE 15

FESTIVAL CONCERT

Mi diè nell'ultim'ore
Del suo penoso agone il mio Signore.

Maddalena

A lei ben opportuno
Il tuo soccorso fia,
Che in così duro scempio
Qual sia la pena sua so per la mia.

Giovanni

Ben d'ogn'altro più grande
Fu il dolor di tal Madre
Di tal Figlio alla morte;
Ma d'ogn'altro più forte
Ebbe in soffrirlo il petto; ed or costante
E ferma più d'ogn'altra ha la speranza
Di vederlo risorto; e se l'ottiene
La gioia allor compenserà le pene.

(aria)

Così la tortorella
Talor piange e si lagna,
Perchè la sua compagna
Vede, ch'angel feroce
Dal nido gli rubò.
Così la tortorella, etc.
Ma poi, libera e bella
Se ritornar la sente,
Compensa in lieta voce
Quel gemito dolente
Che mesta già formò.
Così la tortorella, etc.

Maddalena

Se Maria dunque spera,
E spera ancor Giovanni,
Anch'io dar voglio con sì giusta speme
Qualche tregua agli affanni;
Ma pure chi ben ama sempre teme,
E nell'amante mio misero core,
Benché speranza regni,
Bandir non può il timore.
Or degli opposti affetti
A chi debba dar fede?
Vedrò volgendo il piede
All'adorato speco,
Tomba del mio Gesù; vada Giovanni
A consolar Maria; Cleofe, sia mecco.

(aria)

Ho un non so che nel cor,
Che in vece di dolor,
Gioia mi chiede.
Ho un non so che nel cor, etc.
Ma il core, uso a temer
Le voci del piacer,

Whom my Lord entrusted to my care
In his final hours of agony.

Mary Magdalene

For her, your support
Will be welcome and timely,
For well I know, from my own,
What cruel grief she suffers now.

St. John

Far greater than any others' grief
Was the grief of such a Mother
At the death of such a Son;
But greater still was the strength
She had to bear that grief; and now
Firm and more constant than all others' is her hope
To see him rise again; if it comes to pass
The joy will compensate her suffering.

(aria)

Thus the turtledove
Weeps and languishes,
When she sees her mate
Snatched from the nest
By a bird of prey.
Thus the turtledove...
But then, when he returns,
Free and beautiful,
Her joyful song will compensate
Those pitiful laments
That she sung in her sadness.
Thus the turtledove...

Mary Magdalene

If Mary then hopes,
And John does too,
I also may be allowed that such a just hope
Gives some relief to my suffering;
But it is true that he who loves must always fear,
And in my poor loving heart,
Although hope reigns,
It cannot entirely banish fear.
Now, which of these opposite feelings
Should I trust?
I will see by turning my steps
To the sacred cave,
The tomb of my Jesus; John, go
To comfort Mary; Cleophas, come with me.

(aria)

There's a certain something in my heart,
That calls me to rejoice
Instead of to grieve,
There's a certain something...
But my heart, so used to fear,
Doesn't yet know how to hear

*O non intende ancor,
O inganno di pensier
Forse le crede.
Ho un non so che nel cor, etc.*

SCENE 3

Angelo

*Uscite pure, uscite
Dall'oscura prigione,
Ove sì lunga ed orrida stagione
Questo giorno attendeste, anime belle!
Uscite pure, uscite
A vagheggiare, a posseder le stelle!
Di quel Signor che ha vinto
Per voi la Morte e 'l contumace Averno,
Il trionfo seguite.
E voi primi venite,
O primi padri delle umane genti,
Né s'odan più lamenti
Del vostro antico errore,
Or ch'ebbe in sorte un tanto Redentore.
Seguano gl'altri poi,
E per l'orme di luce
Che del divino Duce
Il glorioso piè stampa nell'ombre,
Da questo centro squallido e profondo
Sorgan con lui sovra l'aperto mondo.
Ma con eco festivo
Replichi prima il lor devoto labbro:*

Angelo

*Il Nume vincitor
trionfi, regni e viva!*

Coro

*Il Nume vincitor,
trionfi, regni e viva,
un Dio vincitor!*

Angelo

*Viva e trionfi quel Dio così grande
Che i cieli spande,
Che al sol dà splendor.
Viva e trionfi, etc.*

Coro

*Viva e trionfi, etc.
Per cui Cocito
Geme atterrito,
Da cui fu vinta la Morte ancor, etc.
Viva e trionfi, etc.*

Angelo, poi Coro

Il Nume vincitor, etc.

The voice of pleasure,
Or perhaps believes
Itself the victim of deception.
There's a certain something...

SCENE 3

Angel

*Come out, come out
From your dark prison,
Where for such a long and dismal time
You have awaited this day, O blessed souls!
Come out, come out
To see and possess the stars!
Join in the triumph of your Lord
Who, for you, has conquered Death
And obstinate Hell.
And you be the first to come,
You, first parents of the human race,
And let no more laments be heard
Of your original sin,
Now that you have such a Redeemer.
Then let the others follow
The footprints of light
That the feet of the divine Leader
Have imprinted on the dark pathway,
From this deep and loathsome place
Rise up with him into the open air.
But first with festive echo
Let their devout lips repeat:*

Angel

*May the victorious God
Triumph, reign and live forever!*

Chorus of Angels

*May the victorious God
Triumph, reign and live forever,
The all-conquering God!*

Angel

*May he live and be triumphant, this God so great
That he has spread out the heavens
And given his splendor to the sun.
May he live...*

Chorus of Angels

*May he live...
Before whom Cocytus
Groans in terror,
He who has conquered Death itself,
May he live...*

*Angel, then Chorus, as before
May the victorious God...*

PARTE SECONDA

Introduction

SCENE 1

Giovanni

*Di quai nuovi portenti
Ha la terra oggi ancora il sen fecondo?
Piansero gli elementi
Del lor Fabbro immortal la morte fiera,
E d'un giorno che spera
Di vederlo risorto,
Con gl'istessi tremori
Par ch'il suolo paventi i primi albori.
Ma forse dell'Inferno,
Che del Dio vincitor l'asta percosse,
Gli ultimi sforzi son, l'ultime scosse.*

(aria)

*Ecco il sol, ch'esce dal mare,
E più chiaro che non suole
Smalta i prati, i colli indora.
Ecco il sol, etc.
Ma chi sa che di quel Sole,
Ch'oggi in vita ha da tornare,
Questo sol non sia l'aurora.
Ecco il sol, etc.*

*Ma ove Maria dimora
Se ho già vicino il piede,
Spero veder ben presto
Cangiata la speranza in certa fede,
E senz'alcun periglio
Lieta la Madre e glorioso il Figlio.*

SCENE 2

Angelo

(aria)

*Risorga il mondo,
Lieto e giocondo,
Col suo Signor!
Risorga il mondo, etc.
Il Ciel festeggi,
Il suol verdeggi,
Scherzino, ridano
L'aure con l'onde,
L'erbe coi fior.
Risorga il mondo, etc.*

(accompagnato)

*Di rabbia indarno freme
Coi mostri suoi l'incatenato Averno:*

PART TWO

Introduction

SCENE 1

St. John

*What new portents
Does the earth hold in store today in its fertile womb?
Even the elements weep
For the cruel death of their immortal Maker,
And on this day when we hope
To see him rise again,
With the same tremors
The earth shakes in fear of the new dawn,
But perhaps it is Hell,
As God conquers it with his striking rod
In the final tremors of its waning powers.*

(aria)

*Behold the sun, rising from the sea
And more radiant than ever,
It shines the fields and gilds the mountains.
Behold the sun...
But who knows whether of this Sun
Which today returns to life,
This sun is but the harbinger?
Behold the sun...*

*But now that I am close
To Mary's dwelling,
Soon I hope to see
Her hopes changed to certainty,
And without any further danger,
The Mother joyful and the Son glorious.*

SCENE 2

Angel

(aria)

*Let all the world arise,
Happy and joyous,
With its Lord!
Let all the world arise...
The heavens rejoice,
The earth flourishes,
Play and smile,
You breezes with the waves
And you grasses with the flowers.
Let all the world arise...*

(accompagnato)

*In vain does fettered Hell
With all its monsters rage:*

*L'Odio, che oppresso geme,
La Crudeltà, che piange,
L'Invidia, che sospira,
L'Empietà, che delira,
L'Iniquità tremante,
Il Furor vacillante,
Sbighottita la Frode,
Deriso il Tradimento,
Vilipeso l'Orgoglio,
Del mio Signor risorto
Saran carro al trionfo e base al soglio.*

Lucifero
*Misero! ho pure udito?
E in van per vendicarmi
Contro forza maggiore impugno l'armi?*

Angelo
Sì, sì, contrasti in van; torna a Cocito!

Lucifero
*Perché al Ciel pria non torna
Il tuo risorto Nume?*

Angelo
*Perché pria vuole in terra
Far della gloria sua noto il mistero.*

Lucifero
Noti gli oltraggi miei? No, non fia vero!

(aria)
*Per celare il nuovo scorno,
Le sue faci ancora al giorno
Con un soffio io smorzerò.
Per celare, etc.
E con tenebre nocenti
Delle inferme umane menti
Ogn'idea confonderò
Per celare, etc.*

Angelo
*O come cieco il tuo furor delira!
Mira, folle, deh mira
Le donne pie che all'incavato sasso,
Sepolcro già delle divine membra,
Muovon veloce il passo!
A loro il Ciel commanda
Ch'io l'arcano riveli,
Ond'esse in publicarlo
A gli altri poi ne sian trombe fedeli.*

(aria - duetto)
Lucifero
Impedirlo io saprò ...

Hatred groans,
Cruelty weeps,
Envy sighs,
Wickedness goes raving,
Iniquity trembles,
Rage vacillates,
Fraud cowers
Treachery is derided,
Pride is held in contempt;
They will form the chariot of my risen Lord's triumph
And the pedestal of his throne.

Lucifer
Woe is me! Have I really heard this?
And is it then in vain to arm myself
To seek revenge on a superior power?

Angel
Yes, yes, resistance is vain; return to Cocytus!

Lucifer
But why does your risen Lord
Not first return to Heaven?

Angel
Because he wants first to make known on earth
The mystery of his glory.

Lucifer
Make known my disgrace? No, never!

(aria)
To hide this new shame
I will snuff out his torches
With a single breath!
To hide this...
And with noxious darkness
Confound all thoughts
In feeble human minds,
To hide this...

Angel
O how blindly you rave in your fury!
Look, fool, look
At the pious women who hasten their footsteps
To the hollowed stone
Which was the sepulcher to the divine limbs!
To them, heaven commands
That I reveal the mystery,
That they may spread the word
To others and be the faithful trumpet.

(aria - duetto)
Lucifer
I can prevent that...

Angelo

Duro, duro è il cemento, ...

Lucifero

Impedirlo io saprò!

Ho ardir che basta.

Angelo

... Duro è il cemento;

Lo dirà l'evento.

SCENE 3

Maddalena

Amica, troppo tardo

Fu il nostro piè;

Già il sol su l'etra ascende.

Cleofe

Fu il cor troppo codardo,

Che della terra agl'improvvisi moti

Fe' i nostri passi rimanere immoti.

Maddalena

Or chi sa se potremo

Ricercar nella tomba il mio Tesoro.

Cleofe

Se son desti i custodi, io ben ne temo.

Maddalena

Io temo ancor,

Ma più il mio Nume adoro.

(aria)

Per me già di morire

Non paventò Gesù, no, no.

Egli mi dà l'ardire,

Per lui nulla pavento,

Né morte, né tormento:

Quando ho Gesù nel cor, non temo più.

Per me già di morire, etc.

Lucifero

Ahi, abborrito nome!

Ahi, come rendi, come,

Ogni mio sforzo imbelle!

Ahi, che vinto e confuso,

Atterrito e deluso,

Fuggo il Ciel, fuggo il suol, fuggo il mondo,

E del più cupo abisso

Torno a precipitar nel sen profondo!

Angel

Your task will be hard...

Lucifer

I can prevent that!

My courage will suffice.

Angel

... Your task will be hard,

The outcome will tell.

SCENE 3

Mary Magdalene

My friend, our steps

Were too slow;

Already the sun ascends the ether.

Mary Cleophas

Our hearts were too cowardly,

The unexpected movement of the earth

Made our feet immobile.

Mary Magdalene

Now, who knows if we shall find

My Treasure in the tomb?

Mary Cleophas

If the guards are awake, I am fearful indeed.

Mary Magdalene

I am fearful too,

But I love my Lord even more.

(aria)

To die for me

Jesus did not fear, no, no.

He gives me courage,

For his sake I fear nothing,

Neither death, nor torture:

With Jesus in my heart I fear no more.

To die for me...

Lucifer

Ah, that name which I abhor!

Alas, how it robs me

Of all my strength!

Ah, conquered and confounded,

Terrified, deceived,

I flee from Heaven, from earth, from all the world,

And fall once more

Into the deep heart of Hell's black pit!

SCENE 4

Cleofe
(aria)

*Vedo il Ciel che più sereno
Si fa intorno e più risplende.
E di speme nel mio seno
Più bel raggio ancor s'accende.
Vedo il Ciel, etc.*

Maddalena

*Cleofe, siam giunte al luogo
Ove tomba funesta
Dell'amato Signor coprì la salma.*

Cleofe

*Parmi veder, sì, sì, vedo ben certo
Che è già l'avello aperto,
E su la destra sponda
Siede con bianca stola
Un giovane vestito.*

Maddalena

*O quale spira
Grazia dal volto suo, che mi consola!
Appressiamoci a lui, che già ne mira.*

Angelo

*Donne, voi cercate
Di Gesù Nazareno
Ove giacque già morto;
Ora non è più qui, ma è già risorto!
Al vostro puro affetto
Giust'è che diano i Cieli
Così bella mercede
E un tal mistero a voi prima si sveli,
Per farvi araldi poi della sua fede.
Gitene dunque a publicarlo, e sia
Premio del vostro pianto
Della gioia commune il primo vanto.*

(aria)

*Se per colpa di donna infelice
All'uomo nel seno
Il crudo veleno la morte sgorgò,
Dian le donne la nuova felice
Che chi vinse la morte, già morto,
Poi risorto, la vita avvivò.
Se per colpa, etc.*

Maddalena

*Mio Gesù, mio Signore,
Già che risorto sei,
Perché, t'ascondi agl'occhi miei?
Può ben la fede, è vero,
Far che l'amore adori il gran mistero;
Ma come può l'amore*

SCENE 4

Mary Cleophas
(aria)

*I see the Heavens becoming more serene
And ever more resplendent,
And the hope within my breast
Burns with an even more beautiful flame.
I see the Heavens...*

Mary Magdalene

*Cleophas, we have come to the place
Where the fatal tomb
Covered the body of our beloved Lord.*

Mary Cleophas

*I seem to see, yes, yes, now I clearly see
That the tomb is already open,
And upon the right-hand side
A young man in robes of white
Is seated.*

Mary Magdalene

*Oh what a breath
Of grace emanates from his face, which consoles me!
Let us approach him, for he has seen us.*

Angel

*You women, who seek
Jesus of Nazareth
Where once he lay in death;
Now he is no longer here, for he is risen!
For your pure love
It is just that Heaven gives you
Such a sweet mercy
And to be the first to whom the mystery is revealed,
To make you the heralds of the faith.
Go then and tell the others,
And may your tears be rewarded
By being the first harbingers of the common joy.*

(aria)

*If it was through the fault of an unhappy woman
That the cruel poison of death was conveyed
Into the heart of man,
Then let women carry the joyful news
Of he who vanquished death,
Once dead, then risen again, to rekindle life for all.
If it was through the fault...*

Mary Magdalene

*My Jesus, my Lord,
Now that you are risen,
Why do you hide yourself from me?
It's true that faith
Can make love adore the great mystery;
But how can love*

THURSDAY, JUNE 15

*Esser contento a pieno
Se non manda il suo ben per gl'occhi al core?
Vò cercarti per tutto,
Ne sarà forse in vano,
Che da chi ben ti cerca,
Mai, dolce mio Tesor, tu sei lontano.*

*(aria)
Del cielo dolente
L'ondosa procella
In Iride bella
Cangiando, cangiando sen va.
E il cor che già sente
Vicino il suo Sole,
Da mesto e languente
Sereni si fa
Del cielo dolente, etc.*

*Cleofe
Sì, sì, cerchiamo pure
L'orme del nostro Amor,
Che fortunata sarà ben chi lo trovi!
Verso il bosco io men vado,
Mentre tu verso gli orti i passi movi.*

*(aria)
Augelletti, ruscelletti,
Che cantando, mormorando,
Date lodi al mio Signore,
Insegnatemi dov'è, dov'è!
Fiori ed erbe, già superbe
Di lambir le sacre piante,
Deh mostrate a un cor amante
Le bell'orme del suo piè, etc.
Augelletti, etc.*

SCENE 5

*Giovanni
Dove sì frettolosi,
Cleofe, rivolgì i passi?*

*Cleofe
In traccia di Gesù, ch'è già risorto,
Come ancora Maddalena.*

*Giovanni
Onde il sapeste?*

*Cleofe
Sovra l'aperto avello,
Così a noi rivelò labbro celeste.*

*Giovanni
Così la Madre a me poc'anzi ha detto,
A cui prima d'ogni altra,
Del Figlio apparve il glorioso aspetto.*

*Ever be fully contented
If the heart is not blessed by the sight of the beloved?
I shall go and seek you everywhere,
And it will perhaps not be in vain,
For those who truly seek for you,
My sweet Treasure, you are never far away*

*(aria)
The furious tempest
Proceeding from a lowering sky,
Is changed, changed
Into a beautiful Rainbow.
And the heart that feels itself
Getting close to its Sun,
Its sad and gloomy mood
Is transformed into serenity.
The furious tempest...*

*Mary Cleophas
Yes, yes, let us go now and seek out
The footsteps of our Beloved,
How happy will be she who finds Him!
I will go toward the woods,
While you turn to the gardens.*

*(aria)
Little birds, little streams,
That singing, murmuring,
Give praises to my Lord,
Tell me: where is he?
Flowers and grasses, proud
To have caressed the sacred feet,
Oh reveal to a loving heart
The beautiful traces of his steps.
Little birds, little streams...*

SCENE 5

*St. John
Cleophas, where do you go
In such haste?*

*Mary Cleophas
I seek the trail of Jesus, who has risen,
As does Magdalene as well.*

*St. John
How do you know this?*

*Mary Cleophas
Above the open tomb,
This was revealed to us from divine lips.*

*St. John
Just now I have heard the same thing from the Mother,
To whom, before all others,
The Son appeared in all his glory.*

Cleofe

O come lieta avrà quel Figlio accolto!

Giovanni

*Parve ch'il suo bel volto,
Di stille lacrimose umido ancora,
Del Sol divino all'improvviso raggio
Fosse tra riso e pianto un'altra aurora.
Poi la gioia veloce
Corse dal seno al labbro in questa voce.*

(aria)

*Caro Figlio!
Caro Figlio, amato Dio,
Già il cor mio
Nel vederti esce dal petto!
E se lento
Fu in rapirmilo il tormento,
Me lo toglie ora il diletto.
Caro Figlio, etc.*

Maddalena

*Cleofe, Giovanni, udite,
Udite la mia nuova alta ventura!
Ho veduto in quell'orto il mio Signore,
Che avea d'un suo guardian preso figura,
Ma dalle rozze spoglie
Uscia luce sì pura e così ardente,
Che pria degli occhi il ravvisò la mente.
Poi conobbi quel viso,
In cui per farsi bello
Si specchia il Paradiso.
Vidi le mani ancor, vidi le piante,
Ed in esse mirai, lucide e vaghe,
Sfavillar come stelle
Quelle che furon pria funeste piaghe.
A baciarle il mio labbro allor s'accinse,
Ma Gesù mi respinse, e dir mi parve:
Tu non mi puoi toccar! poscia disparve.*

Giovanni

Non si dubiti più!

Cleofe

Cessi ogni rio timore!

Maddalena

È risorto Gesù!

Giovanni

Viva è la nostra Vita, ...

Cleofe

... Il nostro Amore!

Mary Cleophas

O how happy she must have been to embrace her Son!

St. John

*Her lovely face.
Still wet with tears.
At the unexpected rays from the divine Sun,
Seemed to create, between smiles and tears, a new dawn.
Then the joy in her heart
Coursed swiftly to her lips, and she said:*

(aria)

*Dear Son!
Dear Son, beloved Lord,
At the sight of you
My heart leaps from my breast!
And if grief was slow
To tear that heart from me,
Delight has stolen it now.
Dear Son!...*

Mary Magdalene

*Cleophas, John, listen,
Hear the new, great wonder I have seen!
I have seen my Lord in the garden,
He had taken on the guise one of the guards,
But from the rough garments
There radiated such a pure and burning light
That my spirit knew it was Him before my eyes had seen Him.
Then I recognized that face,
In which Paradise mirrors itself
In order to become yet more beautiful.
I saw the hands, I saw the feet,
And beheld in them, radiant and beautiful,
And sparkling like the stars,
Those marks of the deadly wounds
To which I approached to kiss with my lips,
But Jesus forbade me and said to me:
"Do not touch me!" and then He vanished.*

St. John

We can doubt no longer!

Mary Cleophas

All cowardly fears now cease!

Mary Magdalene

Jesus is risen!

St. John

Our Life is now restored...

Mary Cleophas

...And our Love!

FESTIVAL CONCERT

Maddalena

(aria)

*Se impassibile, immortale
Sei risorto, o Sole amato,
Deh fa ancor ch'ogni mortale
Teco sorga dal peccato.
Se impassibile, etc.*

Giovanni

*Si, sì, col redentore
Sorga il mondo Redento!*

Cleofe

Sorga dalle sue colpe il peccatore!

Maddalena

*Ed al suo Fabbro eterno
Ogni creatura dia lodi ed onore!*

Coro

*Diasi lode in Cielo, in terra,
A chi regna in terra, in Ciel!
Diasi lode, etc.
Ch'è risorto oggi alla terra
Per portar la terra al Ciel.
Diasi lode in Cielo, etc. ♦*

Mary Magdalene

(aria)

*If you are now risen,
Invincible, immortal, our beloved Sun,
Oh let every mortal being,
With you be released from sin.
If you are now risen...*

St. John

*Yes, yes, with the Redeemer
Let the world, arise, redeemed!*

Mary Cleophas

Let the sinner rise, freed from his guilt!

Mary Magdalene

*And to their eternal Maker,
Let every creature give praise and honor!*

Chorus

*Give him praises in Heaven, and earth,
To he who reigns on earth and in Heaven!
Give him praises...
Who is arisen today on earth
To carry the earth to Heaven.
Give him praises... ♦*

—Libretto by Carlo Sigismondo Capece (1652–1728)

—Translation by Stephen Stubbs

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